



20
\$3.50

BRITAIN'S
GREATEST
HERO!

A
PAUL GRIST
COMIC!

Jack Staff



Jack Staff



PAUL GRIST
WRITER/ARTIST

ericstephenson
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I love doing comics. Really. But I hate having to do this little texty bit for the inside front cover. The bit where I try and think of something clever/funny/relevant to say about the crazy world of comics, when all I have to say is 'Here's the new issue. Hope you like it. I'm getting on with the next issue.'

FLAG WAVING

Trouble is, I always leave this to the very last minute. It's the final thing to do. The comic's all done and I'm onto the next and then a little voice calls me back for unfinished business. Which is why I'm here at half past midnight and Monica is at the other end of an internet connection where it's only half past four in the afternoon, waiting for the final piece of the jigsaw that is Jack Staff 20. Hello Monica!

And I still can't think of anything to say.

I could tell you about a couple of forthcoming events. There's a signing for the Torchwood graphic novel, Rift War, collecting the comic strips from the Torchwood magazine issues 1 - 13, on 25th of April at the London Forbidden Planet (that's Simon Firman, Ian Edgington, D'Israeli, Brian Williamson and me), or the Bristol Comic Convention at the Ramada Hotel (Bristol) over the weekend of the 9th and 10th of May. But by the time this issue is out they'll already be a dim and distant memory.

Oh, I could tell you about a couple of 'extra-curricular' comics I've done recently. There's an Eternal Warrior story which came out in the Image anthology book Popgun volume 3 earlier this month and in September, Dark Horse will be publishing a crime anthology book, Noir, edited by Diana Schutz (Hello Diana!) for which I've just completed an all new 10 page Kane story.

But other than that, I'm all out of stuff to say.

Sorry, it's nearly one in the morning and I really should be in bed now! Maybe next issue I'll have something clever/funny/relevant to say about the crazy world of comics.

Here's the new issue. Hope you like it. I'm getting on with the next issue.

Paul Grist is now available on Facebook. Please feel free to be my imaginary friend!

ORIGINAL ART FOR SALE

Single pages of the original black and white art for Jack Staff are available at £55 UK \$100 US each. Prices include postage. Please list alternatives in case your first choice has already gone, or contact me by e-mail if you want to check and/or reserve a page. Pages from the original Dancing Elephant issues are available as well as the Image issues! Cheques payable to Paul Grist.

e-mail : paulgrist1960@hotmail.co.uk

DANCING ELEPHANT PRESS

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ENGLAND





*MORE DETAILS IN JACK STAFF BOOK 1 'EVERYTHING USED TO BE BLACK AND WHITE'



YOU'RE
A DIFFICULT
MAN TO
KEEP TRACK
OF MISTER
STRINGER.

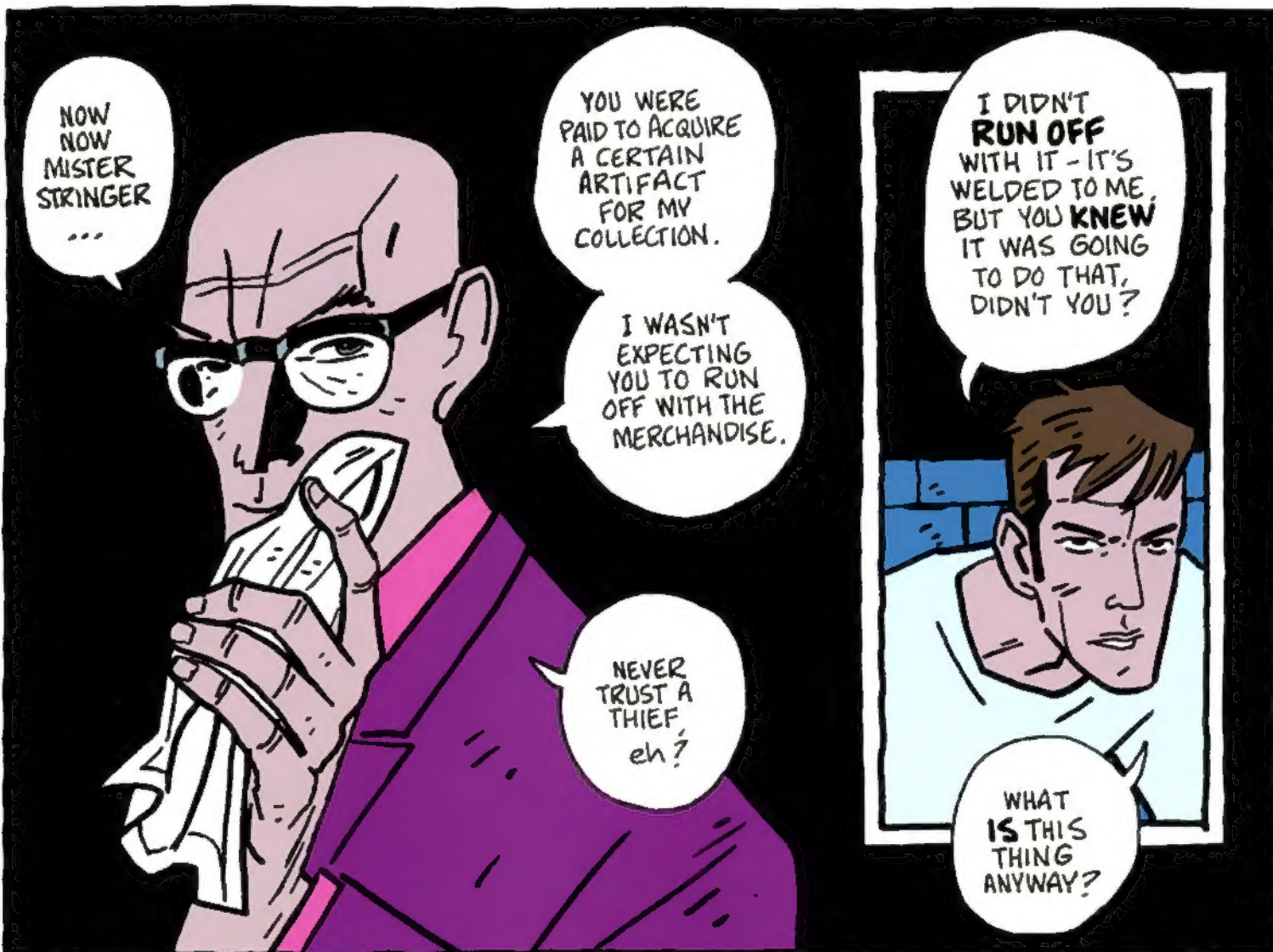
IT'S ALMOST
AS IF SOME
ONE HAD
MANAGED TO
ERASE EVERY
RECORD OF
YOUR
EXISTENCE.

STILL,
IT LOOKS AS
IF YOU'VE
KEPT THE
CLAW SAFE
AND SOUND.

YEAH, HERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE I'VE
BEEN SAVING
FOR YOU
MASON...

==PUT!==

IF IT WASN'T
FOR YOUR
OCCASIONAL
SIGHTINGS
(OR RATHER **NON**
SIGHTINGS)
I'D NEVER 'VE
FOUND YOU
AT ALL.



NOW
NOW
MISTER
STRINGER
...

YOU WERE
PAID TO ACQUIRE
A CERTAIN
ARTIFACT
FOR MY
COLLECTION.

I WASN'T
EXPECTING
YOU TO RUN
OFF WITH THE
MERCHANDISE.

NEVER
TRUST A
THIEF,
eh?

I DIDN'T
RUN OFF
WITH IT - IT'S
WELDED TO ME,
BUT YOU **KNEW**
IT WAS GOING
TO DO THAT,
DIDN'T YOU?

WHAT
IS THIS
THING
ANYWAY?

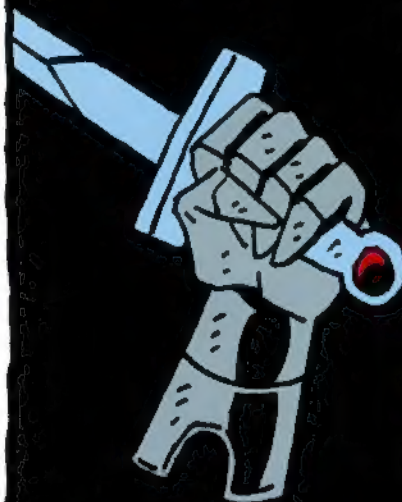
MERELY
A SOUGHT
AFTER
COLLECTORS
PIECE.

THE
GLOVE OF
THE **BLACK
WARRIOR**.
ACCORDING
TO LEGEND
HE WAS A
KILLING
MACHINE.

WHEN HE WAS
FINALLY DEFEATED
IN BATTLE THEY
REMOVED HIS ARMOUR
BUT COULD FIND
NO BODY.



THE ARMOUR WAS
REPUTEDLY DESTROYED
FOR FEAR THAT THE
BLACK WARRIOR
WOULD RETURN
AND STALK THE
KINGDOM AGAIN
BRINGING
DEATH AND
DESTRUCTION.



THOUGH, EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE,
A PARTICULAR
ITEM WOULD APPEAR
IN CIRCULATION AND
THE LEGEND OF
THE WARRIOR
WOULD GROW.

THE
CLAW
IS ONE
SUCH
ITEM.

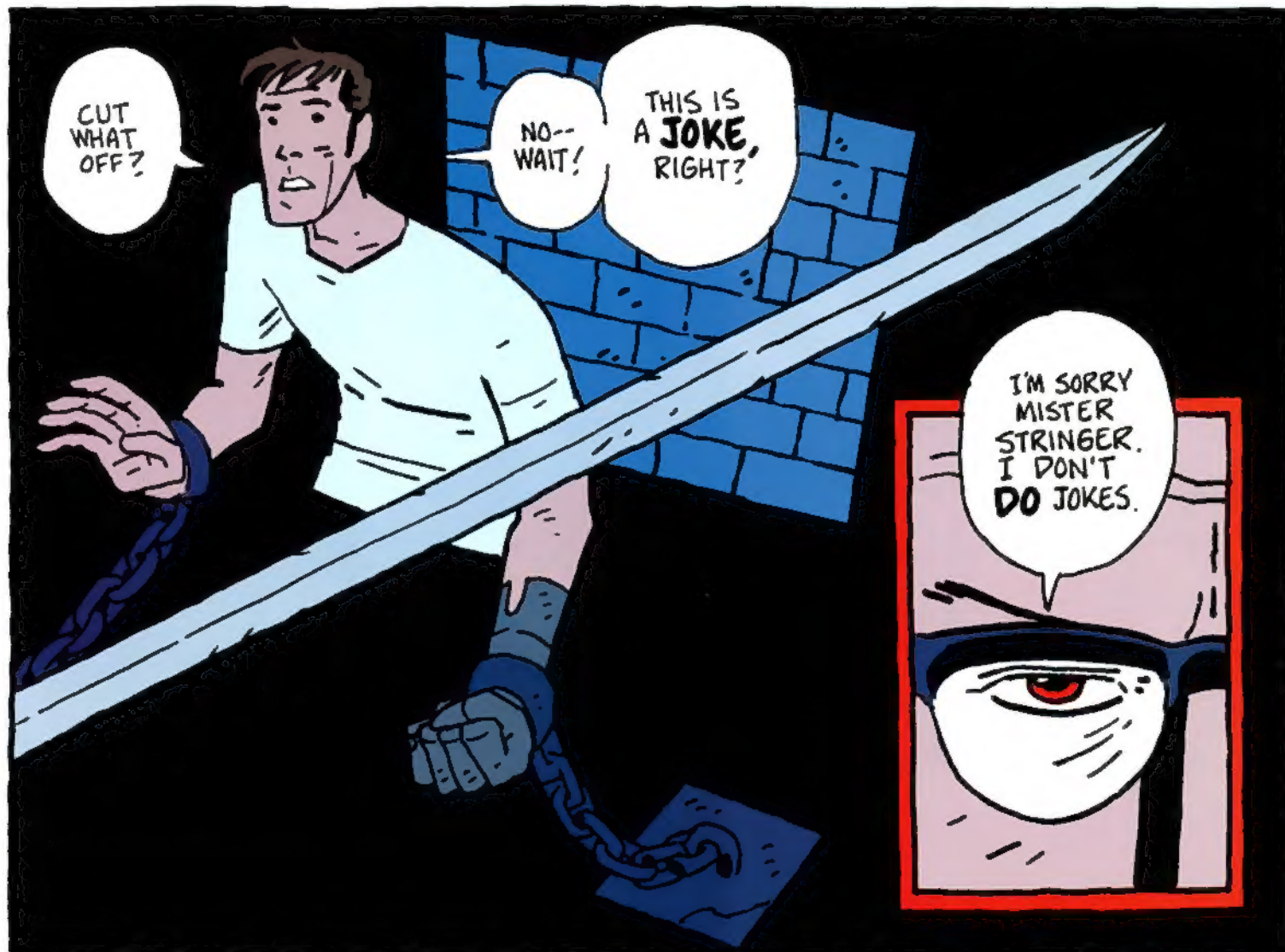
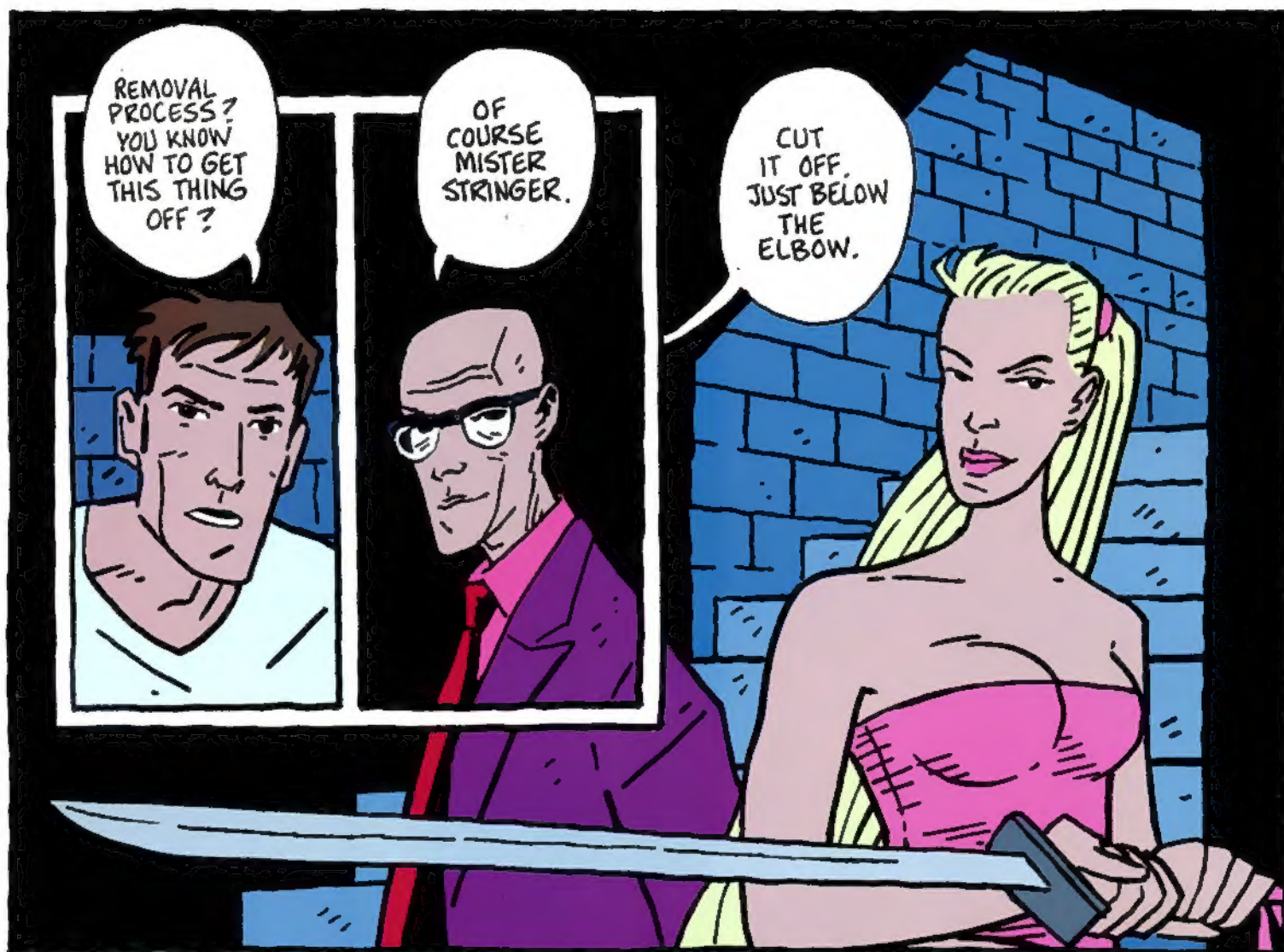
I REALLY
WASN'T
EXPECTING
IT TO TAKE
QUITE
SUCH A
LIKING TO
YOU.

NOT
TO
WORRY
...

THE
REMOVAL
PROCESS
SHOULD BE
RELATIVELY
SIMPLE.

AND ONCE
THAT'S COMPLETED
THEN OUR
TRANSACTION
IS DONE. YOU
ARE FREE TO
GO ON YOUR
WAY.





CONTINUED

THIS IS JOHN SMITH - BUILDER BY TRADE

HE'S ALSO

Jack Staff

BRITAIN'S GREATEST
HERO!

HE'S ALSO
WANTED
FOR ARMED
ROBBERY.

TO BE HONEST, HE
SHOULDN'T BE HERE
RIGHT NOW - THE
POLICE ARE ONLY
A FEW MINUTES
BEHIND HIM...

BUT A FRIEND OF HIS MIGHT
BE IN **TROUBLE...**

SO REALLY, IT'S THE **ONLY**
PLACE HE COULD BE.

HERE BEING THE
**COSTELLO
ACADEMY.**

HELLO
...

A 'SPECIAL'
SCHOOL FOR
'SPECIAL'
STUDENTS.

IT ALL DEPENDS
ON WHAT YOU
MEAN BY
'SPECIAL'.

CAN
I **HELP**
YOU AT
ALL?

I WAS
SUPPOSED
TO MEET
WITH A
FRIEND OF
MINE...

TRISHA
CARTHY?
FIFTEEN,
IN A WHEEL
CHAIR?

NOW HE SEEMS
HARMLESS ENOUGH.

LET ME
TAKE YOU
TO THE
OFFICE
...



AND THEN IT'S EVERYTHING
ALL AT ONCE. TOO MUCH.

RUSHING.

SPLASHING.

"WELL THAT'S ONE
PROBLEM SORTED..."

...NOW
WHAT ARE
WE GOING
TO DO WITH
OUR OTHER
LITTLE
NOSY
PARKER?

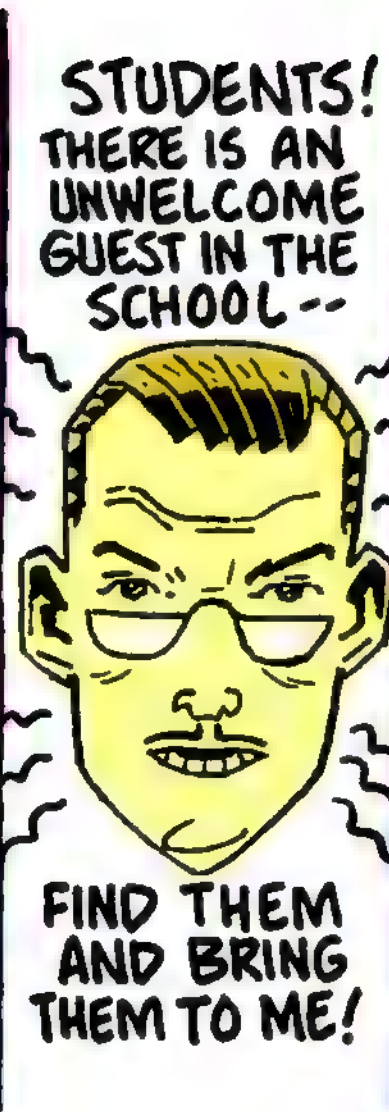
I CAN
MAKE SURE
SHE DOESN'T
SEE ANY-
THING SHE
SHOULDN'T
SEE.

EVER.

LEAVE
HER ALONE!
LOOK AT HER
-SHE CAN'T
HURT
YOU!

YOU
KEEP
OUT OF THIS
**FREAK
FACE--**

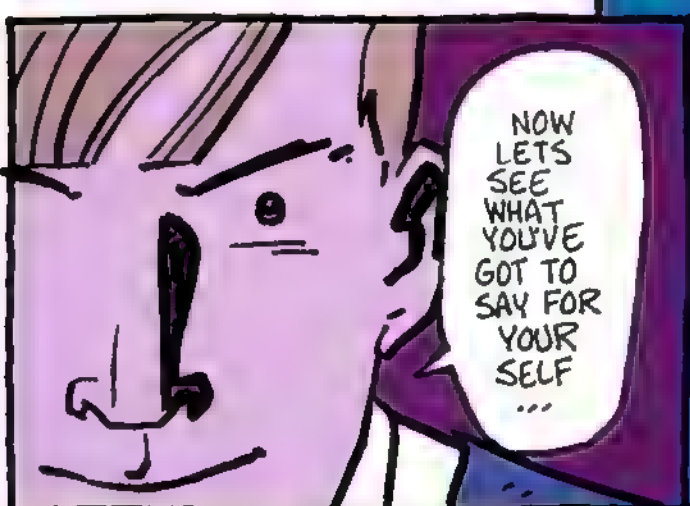
THIS IS
**YOUR
MESS!**





SLAP!

CAN'T
PROMISE
THE
SAME FOR
YOU!



NOW
LET'S
SEE
WHAT
YOU'VE
GOT TO
SAY FOR
YOUR
SELF
...



...WHEN
YOUR
MOUTH
IS FULL OF
SPIDERS!



GASPING.

SINKING.

DROWNING.

CONTINUED.

ADVERTISEMENT



WHEN
YOU NEED
SOMETHING
TO GET
YOUR **TEETH**
INTO
...

JUST CALL
**Pizza
ROY**
DELIVERY BOY!

MY SCHOOL DAYS
WERE NEVER THE
BEST DAYS OF
MY LIFE...

IT'S
YOUR
HEAD

I'M
IT'S
MASTER

BUT THEN
TODAY ISN'T
EXACTLY
TURNING OUT
TO BE A
GOLDEN
ONE EITHER.

the
ALL-NEW
ADVENTURES
of

ZIPPER
NOLAN

AND HIS
NEW
gang

I CLOSE MY EYES AND
WAIT FOR THE BANG.

THEN I HEAR THE SOUND
OF SOMETHING HITTING
THE FLOOR.

AND IT'S NOT ME.

BUGGER.



THOUGH I'M NOT SURE THIS
MEANS THINGS ARE
GETTING ANY BETTER.

C'MON
KID
...

MAKE
LIKE A
BANANNA
AND
SPLIT!

MISTER
BALLOONS?

BUT
WHAT
ARE
YOU
...

I
MEAN
...

LET'S GO!
WE CAN
DO THE
WHOLE
FRIENDS
REUNITED
THING
LATER!

I GOT HIT ON THE
HEAD A COUPLE OF
DAYS AGO.*

*SEE JACK STAFF # 14

I THINK I
MIGHT BE
SUFFERING FROM
CONCUSSION.

WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK - I CAN'T JUST RUN OUT ON MAVERYK!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

YOU SAW WHAT HE TRIED TO DO! WE HAVE TO GET OUTTA HERE!

BUGGER - IT'S **BREAK TIME!** THE YARD'S FULL OF KIDS.

JUST KEEP CALM. KEEP WALKING.

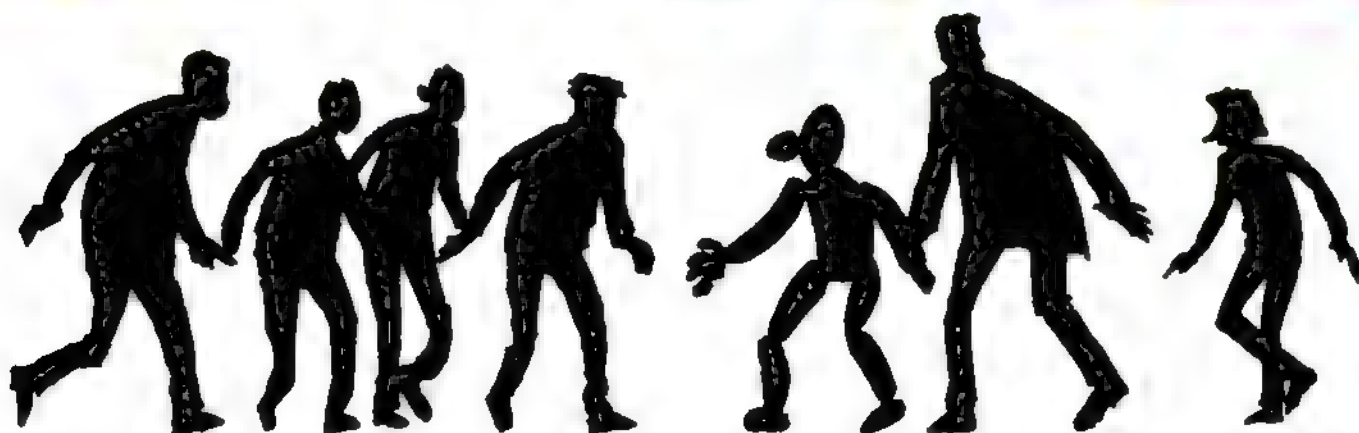
STUDENTS! THERE IS AN UNWELCOME GUEST IN THE SCHOOL--

FIND THEM AND BRING THEM TO ME!

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKING AT US

I THINK WE'VE BEEN RUMBLED ...

GOOD TO SEE YOU'VE NOT LOST THE KNACK FOR STATING THE **OBVIOUS** KID!







AND THE
AUTHORITIES
HAVE BEEN
VERY HELPFUL TO
SUPPLY ME WITH
MALLEABLE
YOUNG MINDS
TO PRACTISE ON.

I CAN'T
LET YOU TAKE
MY LITTLE
ARMY
AWAY FROM
ME.

BUT YOU?
IT SEEMS
YOU HAVE
A QUITE
REMARKABLE
GIFT OF
YOUR OWN.

AND NOW
IT IS
MINE!

EVERYTHING GOES COLD.

IT'S LIKE
SPIDERS
SCUTTLING
AROUND
INSIDE MY
HEAD
...

THEN I
HEAR THE
SOUND OF
SOMEONE
SCREAMING
...

AIEEE!

NO!

it's
HORRIBLE
...

Please
...

I'm
SORRY...
I didn't
KNOW
...

AND IT'S
NOT ME.



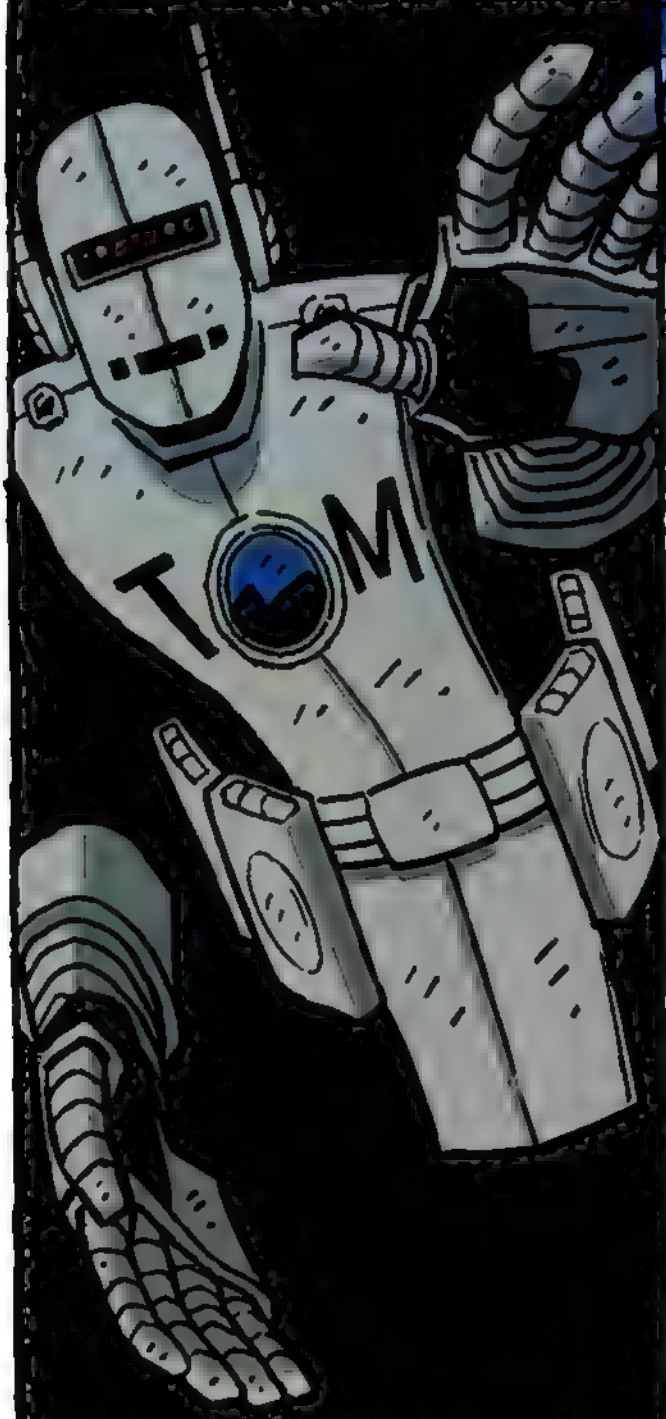
CONTINUED

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TOM TOM

THE ROBOT MAN



OR THE CONTINUING EXPLOITS OF
TRISHA CARTHY
SMARTEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!



Okay, this isn't one of the cleverest things I've ever done. I thought I was looking for a shape changing girl who's been on a crime spree in Castletown over the last three days. What I've found is some kind of superpowered gang at the **Costello Academy**. Maybe Mister Smith was right – but then he's just got himself locked in a broom cupboard, so I don't think he's done much better.

Judging how this guy dealt with Mister Smith I figure he's got some kind of illusion power. I'm not sure that's a good thing. You get used to taking on anything when you're wearing a giant robot suit. Right now I'm just a girl in a wheelchair.



Then Jack Staff crashes out of the broom cupboard (if we get out of this I must remember to ask him how he does that whole change thing) – he's gasping for air like he's been held underwater.

"Illusion..." he says, "just an illusion..."

See, illusion. That's what I said. Smartest girl in the world, that's me!





Wow! Now she's good.

If I hadn't seen that I'd really think she was Mister Smith. Still sounds like a girl when she talks though.

Guess that's why she never spoke during the robberies.

Hits pretty good too.

Certainly takes **Mister Illusion** by surprise there. Not a whole lot of love lost between those two by the looks of it.

"OY! Hold it right there Smith!!"



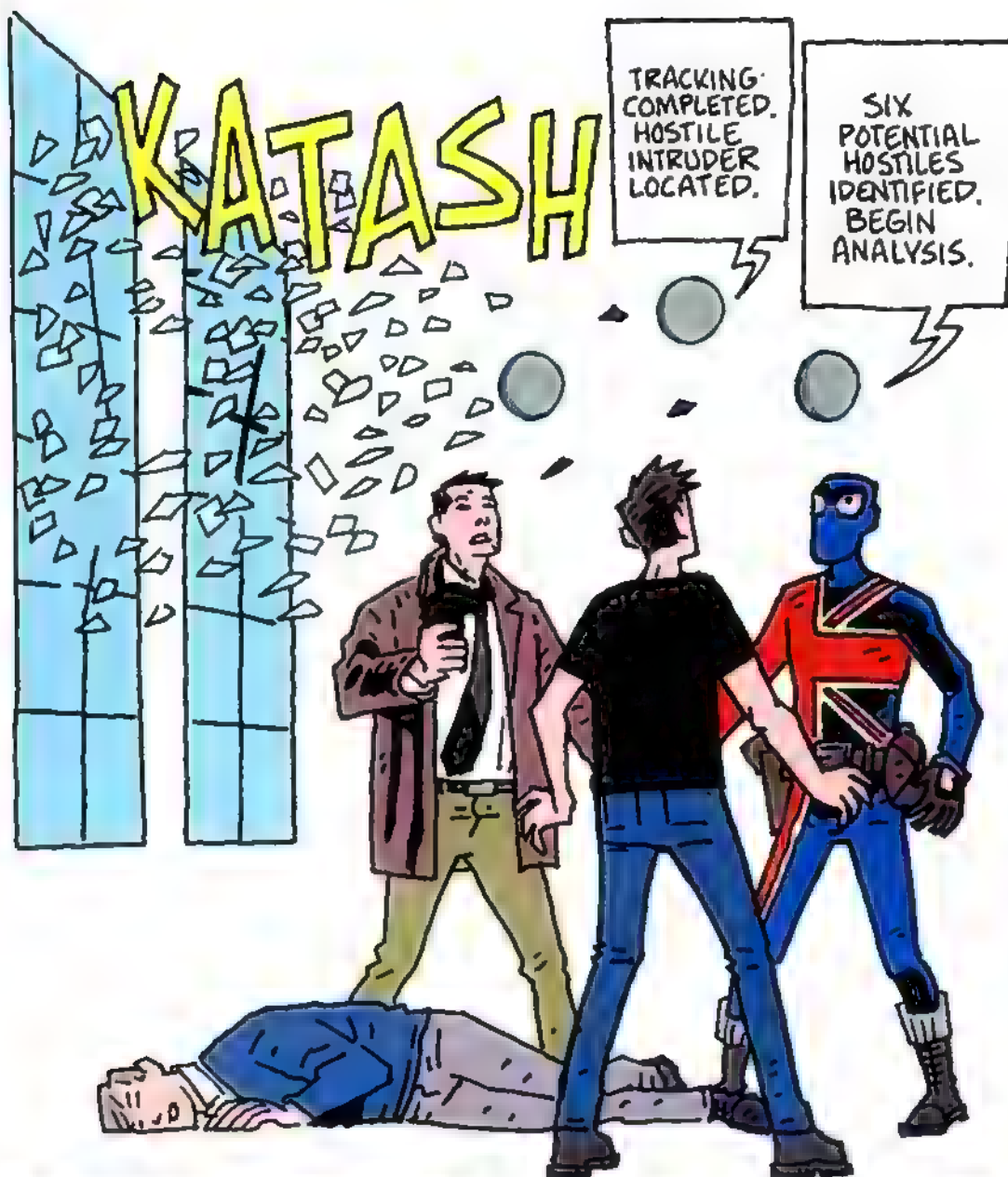
DI Maveryk was after Mister Smith for a robbery the shape shifter did last night.

Give him time.
He'll figure it out.

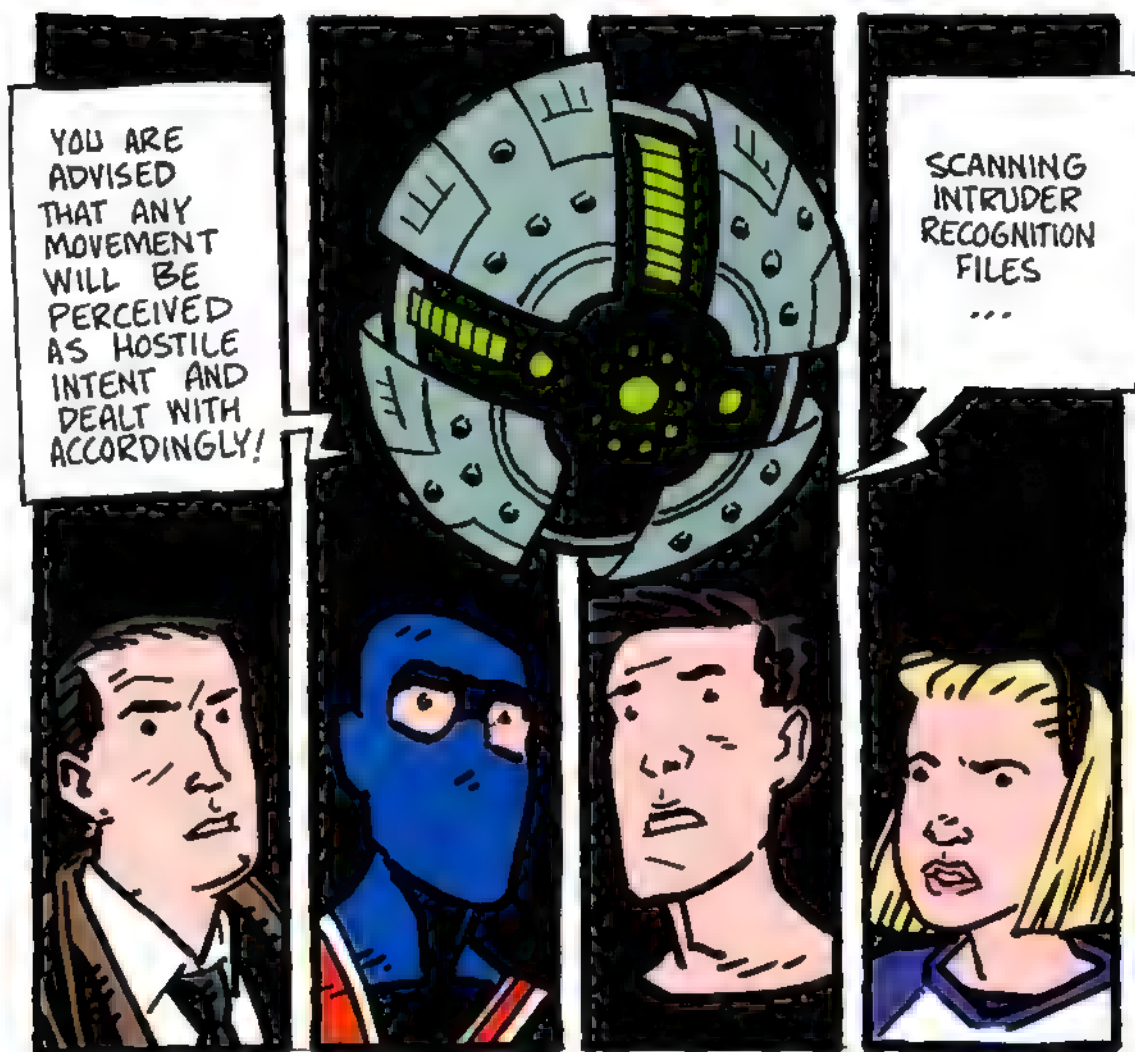


YOU?
HIM?





Unfortunately, that's just when we ran out of time.



SCANNING
INTRUDER
RECOGNITION
FILES
...

They're Automatic Response Guards – it's part of the defence system set up by the Four Good Guys. They disbanded a few years ago. I kind of inherited their base, along with a few other problems.

I had a run in with the ARGs before. They don't give up easy. They're like Rotweillers, but without the cuddly personality.

BODY MAPPING
++ MATCH FOUND ++

FACIAL RECOGNITION
++ MATCH FOUND ++

HOSTILE INTRUDER
++ IDENTIFIED ++

INITIATE
CANCELLATION
SEQUENCE



Vicious little things.

Still, I can send out an electrical pulse, which will disrupt the signal between the ARG and the base computer. Instant tin ball. Harmless. Which is more than I can say for Mister Smith. I told him not to touch anything.



Adults. You can't leave them on their own for a minute.



THEY'RE JUST
A BUNCH OF
SMART ARSE KIDS.
THINK THEY'VE GOT
ALL THE ANSWERS.
THAT'S OKAY. I'VE
GOT PLENTY OF
QUESTIONS. LET'S
START WITH AN EASY
ONE: NAME?

MORPH.

THEY GIVE ME
THEIR 'SUPER
HERO' NAMES.

LUSION.

FLASH.

SMART
ARSE
KIDS.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR MAVERYK

OH YES?
AND WHAT
DO YOU
DO?

RUN
FAST?



BY THE TIME I COULD SEE
AGAIN, THEY WERE GONE.

I'LL GET THEM NEXT TIME.

THERE'S ALWAYS A
NEXT TIME.

I'M READY
FOR THEM.



C

L

A

W

IT'S THE
LONGEST
MOMENT...

EVERYTHING

IS

DRAWN

OUT

AND THEN
IT ALL
SHATTERS.



SHE'S THROWN. SHE
WASN'T EXPECTING THAT.

MIND YOU, NEITHER WAS I.

IT'S LIKE THAT TIME AT THE
MUSEUM*, LIKE THE CLAW WAS
PROTECTING ME.

OR
ITSELF.

NOW'S MY CHANCE.
BEFORE SHE HAS
CHANCE TO THINK.

JUST ACT.

OH YES.

SHE'S QUICK.



IF SHE'D THOUGHT ABOUT IT FOR
A MOMENT, SHE PROBABLY
WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT.

MASON'S WAITING OUTSIDE.

HE'S THE SORT OF PERSON WHO
LOOKS THE OTHER WAY WHILST
OTHER PEOPLE DO HIS DIRTY WORK.



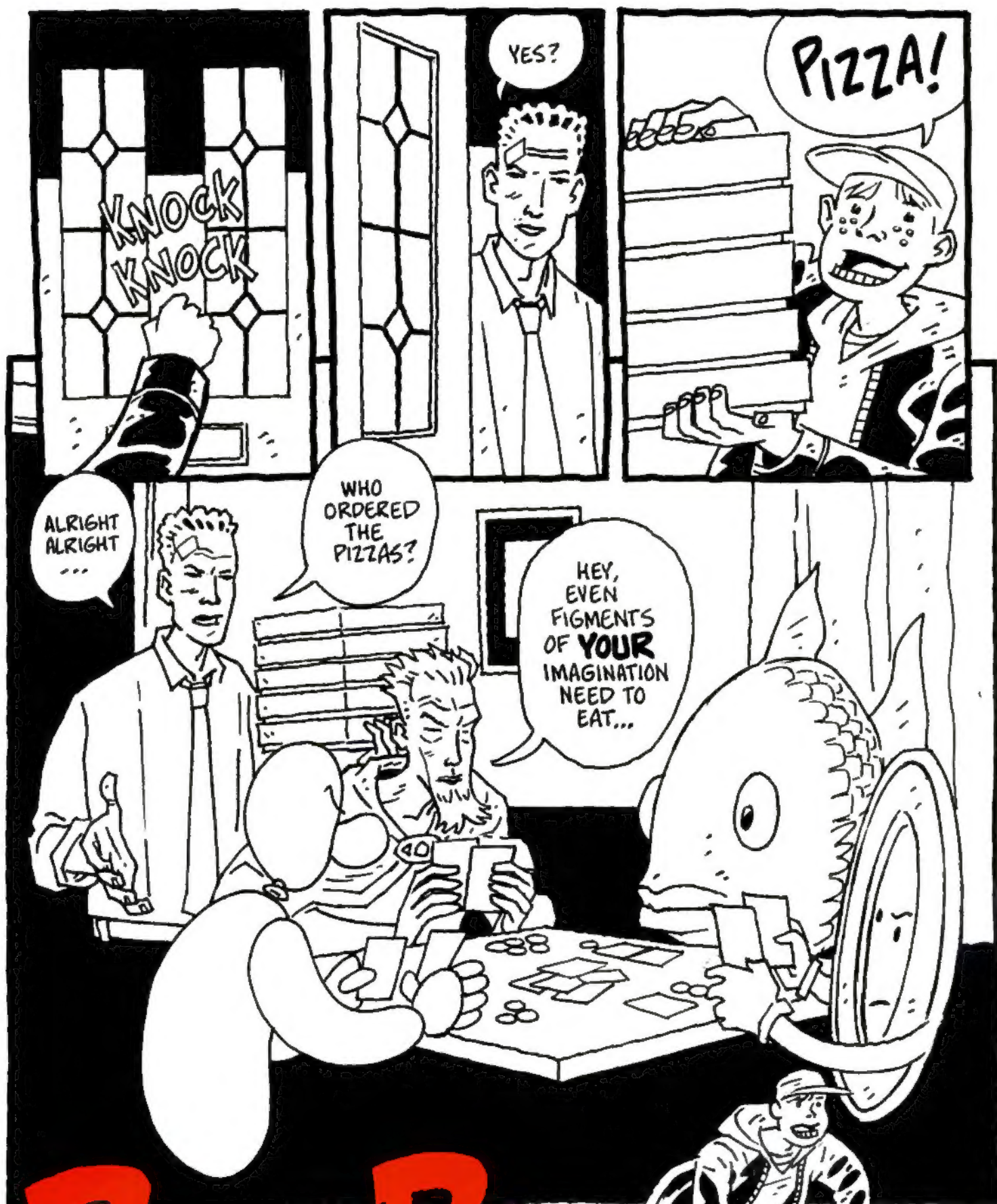
YOU
WANT
THE
CLAW?





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Pizza Roy
DELIVERY BOY



